But I haue done a thouſand dreadfull things,
As willingly as one would kill a flie,
And nothing grieues me hartelie indeede,
But that I cannot doe ten thouſand more.
Lucius. Bring downe the Diuell for he muſt not die,
So ſweet a death as hanging preſently.
Aron. If there be Diuels would I were a Diuel,
To liue and burne in euerlaſting fire,
So I might haue your companie in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue.
Luci. Sirs ſtop his mouth and let him ſpeake no more.

Enter Emilius.

Goth. My Lord there is a meſſenger from Rome,
Deſiers to be admitted to your preſence.
Lucius. Let him come nere.
VVelcome *Emilius*, what's the newes from Rome?
Emil. Lord *Lucius*, and you Princes of the *Gothes*,
The Romaine Emperour greets you all by me,
And for he vnderſtands you are in Armes,
He craues a Parley at your fathers houſe,
VVilling you to demaund your hoſtages,
And they ſhall be immediatly deliuered.
Goth. VVhat ſaies our Generall.
Luci. Emilius, let the Emperour giue his pledges,
Vnto my Father and my Vnkle *Marcus*,
And we will come, march away.

Enter Tamora and her two ſonnes diſguiſed.

Tamora. Thus in this ſtrange and ſad habilliament,
I will encounter with *Andronicus*,
And ſay I am reuenge ſent from belowe,
To ioyne with him and right his hainous wrongs,
Knocke

Knocke at his ſtudie where they ſay he l
To ruminate ſtrange plots of dierereuer
Tell him reuenge is come to ioyne with
And worke confuſion on his enemies.

They knocke and Titus opens his ſtu

Titus. VVho doth moleſt my contem
Is it your tricke to make me ope the dor
That ſo my ſaddecrees may flie away,
And all my ſtudie be to no effect,
You are deceiude, for what I meane to d
See here in bloodie lines I haue ſet down
And what is written ſhall be executed.
Tamora. *Titus*, I am come to talke wi
Titus. No not a word, how can I grace
VVanting a hand to giue that accord,
Thou haſt the odds of me therefore no mo
Tamora. If thou didſt know me thou w
Titus. I am not mad, I know thee well
VVitnes this wretched ſtump, witnes thes
witnes theſe trenches made by greefe and
witnes the tiring day and heauie night,
witnes all ſorrow that I know thee well
For our proud Empreſſe, mighty *Tamora*:
Is not thy comming for my other hand.
Tamora. Know thou ſad man, I am not T
Shee is thy enemie, and I thy friend,
I am Reuenge ſent from th'infernall Kingd
TO eaſe the gnawing vulture of thy minde
By working wreakfull vengeance on thy fo
Come downe and welcome me to this wor
Conferre with me of murder and of death,
Ther's not a hollow Caue or lurking plac